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# Summer of Blood

**psychological**

16 0 2

## Chapter 1 by Eduardo Salas

My parents hid me down in the basement. They cried and breathed heavily. "They only want blood!" said my father. The ground shook and swayed to the sound of Mozart that my mother was playing. My mother held me closer and told all of us to huddle up under a worn out mattress.

Voices grew louder, and so did our thoughts. It was the voices of the other ones. The ones that betrayed us all. The ones that only cared about their people and not mine. Its been 11 months since they decided to execute my people. Even though we were on this land first. My grandparents, friends, brothers, neighbors are all dead. No one expected the systematic killing of them. They wanted to get rid of all the Carazai, they want my whole ethnic group dead.

They walked downstairs and searches around. My sisters begin to sob quietly to not be heard. I closed my eyes. I promised my self that if we were ever found, I would close my eyes so that I never have to see my family die. I would die along with them, without seeing the blood that my family carries all over the floor.

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